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The Masked Miner

OR, THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF PITTSBURGH.

BY WM. MASON TURNER.

AUTHOR OF "UNDER SAIL," "THE BIRCH COAST," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

IN THE TOILS.

For a moment after she was rudely thrust into that dark, gloomy apartment, on that terrible night, Grace Harley tottered and reeled to and fro. Her ankles had been bound together so long, and so tightly had the cords been drawn, that her limbs, suddenly freed, failed to support her. She staggered backward, and, throwing her tied hands over her head, sunk slowly down.

But it seemed that she had reeled over to the side of the room where a sofa was placed for she felt herself settling down on the soft velvet seat.

As well as she could, she felt around her, with her fastened hands, tied so cruelly together; but she durst not leave the friendly sofa. She attempted to tear the bandage from her eyes and the gag from her mouth; but owing to the cramped, confined condition of her hands, and the security with which the gag and the bandage were applied, she could not succeed.

Gradually, as she half reclined on the soft sofa, and the damp chilliness left her person under the influence of the warm, genial atmosphere which surrounded her, the girl's scattered reason and deidened faculties of mind slowly returned to her. And then the full horror of the whole terrible transaction flashed over her.

That she was in the hands of some one who exercised a great power she could not doubt—a power to order, and to have those orders obeyed—to command, and to be hearkened to. And that same one, she argued, must indeed be a bold person, who would dare do such a deed in the midst of a large city, and only an hour or so after day-light had fled from that city, full of life—of bustle—of *law*.

Then, rapidly, as she sat there in the terrible silence and gloom, she thought of the prompting motive of this high-handed outrage. Could it be for the sake of money?—of extorting a high reward, by artful acting, from her father, whom everybody knew, to be rich?

No—for it were planned the outrage had money to do with it. That could not be the occasion.

And then, slowly—softly—gradually—then like the glittering lightning-flash, a dark hideous thought leapt into the bosom of Grace Harley, and filled her soul with horror. And then, as wild thoughts fled like racing phantoms through her bosom, the girl, with a gurgling cry, staggered to her feet and tottered around the room—seeking escape, somewhere—anywhere.

But soon her head came in cruel contact with the hard wall, and she fell, almost entirely senseless to the floor.

And there she lay, still and motionless, seeming scarcely to breathe—her frame quivering with convulsive shudders which swept wildly over her, but making no sound, nor striving to rise.

For a long time she lay thus—certainly an hour—uttering no cry—no groan—stirring not hand or foot; but in her soul she was praying earnestly to God for strength and protection.

At length her breath seemed to go entirely away, so motionless she lay, when suddenly there sounded without the grinding crush of carriage-wheels. The vehicle seemed to roll up to the door and pause.

Then came the quick heavy tread of a man walking, and then the half-conscious girl heard a key grating in the lock; then felt a cold blast from without rush in. This was quickly shut out, and then a heavy tread

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by BEADLE AND COMPANY, in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

BY ALICE CARY.

Now is the time and season of your bliss; but

All joy is in the hope of joy to be.

Not in possession, and in after years

You will look back with longing sighs and tears

To the young days when you from care were free.

It was not true—they nurmed me fears a day

I never saw so good a day as this! now can't

And youth and I have parted—long ago!

I looked into my glass and saw but day, in out but

A little silver line that told me so! I was no boy

At first I shut my eyes and cried, and then

I hid it under girlish flowers, but when

Persuasion would not make my mate to stay

I bowed my faded head, and said, "Amen" again

And all my peace is since she went away, and

My window opens toward the autumn woods.

I see the ghosts of thistles walk the air

Over the long, level stubble-land that broods

Beneath the herbless rocks that jutting lie

Summer has gathered her white family

Of shrinking daisies—all the hills are bare,

And in the meadows not a limb of buds

Through the brown bushes showeth anywhere

Dear, beauteous season, we must say good-bye,

And can't to; we have been so blest,

And farewells suit the time—the year doth lie

With cloudy skirts composed, and pallid face

Under the yellow leaves, with touching grace.

So that her bright-haired sweetheart of the sky,

The image of her prime may not dispel.

Nor see the pain that underlies her rest.

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alderman, slowly, after a long pause, during which an almost perfect silence was preserved in the crowded room.

And then ensued a low, continued buzz throughout the apartment, as the alderman, consulting several memorandums he had made during the progress of the testimony, seemed lost in thought.

Some five or ten minutes elapsed, and then, slowly straightening himself back in his chair, the alderman said, in a clear distinct voice:

"I have heard all, prisoner, that thus far could be said in your favor, and all that no to this stage of proceedings could be said against you. I will not conceal it that the case looks black against you; yet, I know well of your uniform, good standing and reputation, and I have already received from your employers letters showing their implicit confidence in you."

"God bless them!" murmured the prisoner, deeply.

"Nevertheless," continued the alderman, "as the case stands, and on the testimony elicited *against* you, I must commit, or release you on bail."

"And how much, your honor?" suddenly asked old Ben Walford, striding forward.

"Two thousand dollars," said the alderman, after a little reflection and deliberation.

"Oh, God! I haven't that much, your honor," exclaimed old Ben; "but, but, sir, I have *one thousand*! Take that, sir, and I'll go to jail in his place for the rest! Only don't send him, your honor; he's *too young*—he's *too young*!"

"Enough, enough, my good man," said the alderman, evidently moved, as was every one present, save Fairleigh Somerville; "I can not accept such bail, though—"

"Then you can accept *mine*, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Hayhurst, the overseer of the Black Diamond mine, in a clear voice, promptly stepping forward. "I am worth, sir, *ten thousand* dollars, good money; I'll go to Tom Worth's bail, even for the whole amount."

A half-hour followed this declaration.

"It will do, sir; I accept you as the prisoner's bail," said the alderman; as if he was truly glad bail had been found. As he was about to draw the papers toward him, Tom Worth, with a terrible burning in his eyes, exclaimed, suddenly:

"No! no! your honor! I will not have it thus, though I am deeply grateful to my friends for their kindness and you, your honor, for your leniency. But, I'll go to jail, and I'll stand my trial; and, at some future day, I'll unmask *you*!" I *am determined* to do this!"

No arguments could persuade the prisoner to alter his determination, though old Ben, in his frenzy and bewilderment, came near chastising him.

And then Tom Worth was regularly committed, and led to the van.

(To be continued—Continued in No. 15.)

The Ace of Spades:
OR, THE STREET SWEEEPER.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

CHAPTER XXXI—CONTINUED.

It was on the morning preceding the night that these events transpired, that Curly Rocks had the interview with the mysterious Mr. A. B., that ended with his departing with that gentleman and Cranston, the detective, to visit the person who could give the information relative to the lost child.

While the three are on their way to the house of Patsy Duke, in Forty-fifth street, for that celebrated hostelry, known to the public as the "Dew Drop," and to the police as "Duke's Crib," was the destination to which Curly was conducting the two gentlemen—we will visit Iola in her prison, in that same house, to which she had been consigned by English Bill.

Iola had passed a sleepless night! Early in the morning Bill brought in a large stone pitcher of water and a small loaf of bread, "prison fare," as the ruffian observed with a grin.

Iola, after Bill had departed, did not hesitate to partake of the simple fare. She was determined to escape, and she knew that she needed strength for the attempt and fasting was not the way to gain it.

The girl carefully examined her prison. The room was partially lighted by the heart-shaped holes in the shutters. Iola tried the windows but they were securely nailed down. Then she examined the door. The lock was fitted in the wood, and there was no chance to pry back the bolt, even if she had had the necessary tools for such an attempt.

The heart of the girl sank within her as she saw how securely she was fastened in her prison.

Last of all, Iola examined the little closet. And as she stood in the closet doorway, gazing at the white wall before her, the thought suddenly occurred to the girl, that if the room adjoining the closet was empty, she might tunnel a hole through the wall of the closet—which was in all probability but a mere partition of lath and plaster—and by that means penetrate to the other room. Probably from that room she could get into the entry and so escape from the house.

But the first thing was to ascertain if the front room was empty. So Iola rapped

loudly on the partition. No answer came; nor could the girl, listening intently with her ear close to the wall, hear any one moving in the room adjoining the closet.

Iola was satisfied that the room was empty.

The next movement on the part of the girl was to find some instrument by means of which she might displace the plaster of the wall.

Eagerly she searched for the means of freedom. Fortune aided Iola, for in a corner of the drawer of the table, she found an old and rusty knife-blade. No girl deep in love ever clutched the first letter from the loved one with more eagerness than Iola seized upon the old knife-blade.

With the knife-blade Iola commenced to pick away the plaster, and as each little piece fell to the floor, she thought she was so much nearer freedom.

Iola listened intently while she worked, so that she should not be surprised at her labor by her jailers. But no footsteps rung through the passage-way, and at last the point of the knife glided through the partition without meeting with any impediment.

As the girl had thought, the partition was quite a slight one.

Through the little hole made by the knife-blade in the wall, Iola could look into the adjoining room. It was an apartment about the same size as the one that served for her prison, but unlike that one, it was bare of furniture, and the windows, which were without shutters, let in the light freely. Evidently the room was unoccupied.

Iola's heart beat gladly when she made the discovery. Escape now seemed certain.

Then a sudden thought came to the mind of the imprisoned girl. To pass now in broad daylight through the entry, and out of the house without being seen, would be difficult, if not impossible. But if she should wait until it was dark, in the darkness she could escape.

These thoughts passed rapidly through Iola's brain. So she determined to wait until nightfall before she made the attempt to escape.

Iola carefully picked up from the floor of the closet the pieces of plaster that she had extracted with the knife from the wall, and hid them in the stove. Then she hung her cloak upon a nail in the closet, and the garment concealed the hole she had made in the wall.

Iola had nothing else to do, Iola sat down by the table to await the approach of darkness, that was so many hours away.

In Iola's thoughts one, face, one form, alone was present, and the long hours passed swiftly away, while she sat and thought of the man who was all in all to her in this world.

Iola was startled from her reverie by the sound of footsteps coming up the stairs, and approaching the door of her room, but the footsteps did not pause there but went by, and apparently entered the room, that the closet adjoined.

The girl, with one of those sudden thoughts that sometimes flash across the mind, determined to see who these men were. She knew that by the aid of the hole she had made with the knife in the closet wall, she could easily "look" into the other room and not only see but hear.

She had a fancy that possibly she might learn something that might assist her in escaping from the hands of English Bill.

So Iola sprang to the closet, and lifting up the cloak looked through the hole in the plaster into the other room.

Leaving Iola at her post of observation, we will return to Curly Rocks and the two gentlemen that he was conducting.

The party had taken a Second avenue car and got off at Forty-fifth street.

Curly conducted the two to the saloon known as the "Dew Drop."

In the saloon, Curly introduced English Bill to them as the party who could give them the information that they desired.

"Hain't you got an empty room, Biddy, where I can take the two gents for to talk over a little business?" asked Bill of Patsy Duke's "better-half."

"Yes, the front wan, 'slur; up wan fight, beyond the wan where the girl is," answered the lady, who was a stout Hibernian dame.

"Just feller me, gents," said Bill, leading the way up-stairs. Brown and the detective followed, while Curly Rocks brought up the rear.

When they were in the room, and the door was closed behind them—the room was a large, unadorned apartment—Bill began the interview:

"I believe one of you gents wants a little information 'bout a lost child?"

"Yes," responded Brown, "I am flat person."

"Well, now to have the matter all straight, let's see if you mean the same baby that I does," said Bill.

"Certainly," replied Brown.

"This baby was a girl 'bout a year old."

Last of all, Iola examined the little closet. And as she stood in the closet doorway, gazing at the white wall before her, the thought suddenly occurred to the girl, that if the room adjoining the closet was empty, she might tunnel a hole through the wall of the closet—which was in all probability but a mere partition of lath and plaster—and by that means penetrate to the other room. Probably from that room she could get into the entry and so escape from the house.

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loudly on the partition. No answer came; nor could the girl, listening intently with her ear close to the wall, hear any one moving in the room adjoining the closet.

"Indeed!" said Brown, with an air of astonishment.

"Yes, an' if I don't get my information, I don't think you'll get any—or at least not out of me," replied Bill, doggedly.

"What is it you wish to know?" asked Brown.

"In the first place, the name of the child; in the second place, the names of her father and mother," responded the rough.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A STORY OF THE PAST.

For a moment Brown did not reply to this rather insulting demand. He seemed to be thinking the matter over. At last he spoke:

"Though I question your right to ask this, yet I will answer you. I do not know the name of the child, nor the name of its father!"

"What?" cried Bill, in astonishment, while Cranston, the detective, laughed in his sleeve, and mentally pronounced Mr. Brown to be fully a match for the grasping rough.

"The child is the child of shame," continued Brown, coldly; "its father never owned it, and its mother died on the very night that the child was lost."

"Why are you so anxious 'bout the affair, then?" asked Bill, considerably disappointed.

"For twenty-five dollars I'll tell you all I know about it," said the rough.

"Can I trust you?" asked Brown, looking at him searchingly.

"Just you ask Dick Cranston!" said Bill, indignantly, pointing to the detective.

Curly Rocks, who knew the name but not the man, now understood how Mr. Smith knew him so well, and wondered at his own stupidity in not guessing him to be a detective.

"Why, you remember me, Bill, eh?" said Cranston.

"Oh, I never forgets, gents in your line of business," said Bill, with a grin.

"I think Bill's square if he says so," observed the detective.

"You bet!" responded the rough.

"Here are the twenty-five dollars. Now give me the particulars," Brown said, handing the money to Bill.

"All right!" said Bill, pocketing the money. "I'm a gent when I'm treated like this. Now first an' foremost, I was one on the fellers mixed up in the affair on Thirtieth street. After I got hold of the baby, I thought as how I would keep it until a reward was offered, an' then I'd bring it forward an' get the reward. Well, I held it on the baby 'bout a week an' no reward was offered, so I thought I'd get rid on it, an' sell it to Irish Molly to go a-beggin' with." You see I took the baby home to my wife—she were in the a-sa-ter-lime, an' a blasted sight too good for me. We had a kid of our own, just about the same age as the strange baby. Well, my wife took an awful fancy to the child, an' wanted me to adopt it, but, in course, I couldn't see any of that gammon, 'cos when I wanted to wallopp my wife, then she'd go for the baby an' hold it up to keep me away; an' I knew that if she got two kids, I never have a chance to give her a decent licking. Well, the very day I were a-goin' to sell the child to Molly, I got into a fuss with a cove an' got locked up for a week. When I come out, the little beggar that I picked up in Thirtieth street was dead an' buried. You see, I s'pose the little baby caught cold in the rain."

"Have you any notice of the death of the child—any proof?" asked Brown.

"Why, what an awful man you are to convince!" exclaimed Bill, in disgust.

"But I have got a notice. My old woman had a reg'lar funeral with a lack for the baby. She called it Lelia Thompson, 'cos we didn't know what its name was—my old woman was awful arter names. She called our own kid Iola—an' in course the baby had to have a name. Here's the notice from the Sun," and Bill took a scrap of paper, yellow with age, from his pocket-book.

The notice read:

"THOMPSON—Suddenly on Tuesday, Oct. 2d, Lelia, infant daughter of William and Iola Thompson, aged one year."

"You see my woman wrote it 'adopted daughter,' but it got changed," said Bill.

"I am fully satisfied," said Brown, "but now let me ask you a question."

"Certainly," said Bill.

"As this child is dead, why were you so anxious to know if the girl was an heir?"

Bill's face was covered by a broad grin.

"You see," he said, "I don't mind telling you, since it won't work. I thought that if the girl was an heir, why I might bring my girl, Iola, forward and swear that she was the baby that I picked up, an' make strike on it. Don't you see?"

Mr. Brown did see, and he could not help admiring the shrewd device of the ruffian.

"How would you have got over the shoulder-mark, Bill?" asked Cranston.

"Well, I guess I could put an 'Ace of Spades' on some way, if I had to stamp it out with a brand," said the brutal ruffian.

Having gained the information that they were in search of, Brown and the detective left the house, while Bill and Curly again entered the saloon.

"Well, that settles the fate of the child," said Cranston, as he and Brown walked up Forty-fifth street.

"Yes; there isn't any doubt about the matter. The child is dead, and the father shall know it before the night is over."

There was a tone of fierce joy in the voice of the speaker as he spoke.

"It was a good deal of trouble, but you run the scent to earth at last," said Cranston.

"Yes, and to-night my vengeance begins!"

Cranston looked at the speaker, and thought to himself that he shouldn't like to have this mysterious Mr. Brown for a foe.

In detailing these events, we have gone back a little in our story, as this interview took place in the forenoon, while the adventures of the "Marquis," on the pier that we have previously detailed, happened in the night of the same day. Having filled up the slight gap in our narrative, we will return to the "Marquis," and explain how he had escaped death, when he sought refuge from the assault of the roughs in the waters of the East river, for the "Marquis" had escaped.

Catterton knew fully what he was about when he leaped into the river. He was a capital swimmer, and upon striking the water, he let the tide carry him to where it swept in a little eddy around the corner of the pier.

Once around the corner and in under the pier, holding on to one of the piles that supported it, he was fully concealed from sight and could hear the roughs above him debating as to his fate.

He heard them plainly when they retired from the pier. Then he left his hiding-place and swam gently along the side of the dock till he came to where a little flight of wooden steps led down into the water. These he mounted carefully, not knowing but that some one of the roughs might be still lurking in the neighborhood.

With the water dripping from his garments in little rivulets, the "Marquis" stepped from the stairway upon the pier.

A man came toward him from out of the gloom of the night.

"Discovered, by Jove!" cried Catterton, between his teeth.

The man came straight to him, and to the delight of the "Marquis," he discovered that the stranger was Jim.

"Hare you hal' right?" asked Jim, eagerly.

about how every thing is situated by looking us through and through all day."

Then she thought of the sweeping to be done before tea-time—no matter if there was murder to be done that night. Having got the broom she proceeded to sweep, and continued her soliloquy at the same time.

"Oh, my, why didn't I think of it before?—there's Dorothy Ann coming with those eggs to-night. She'll be glad enough to stay with me all night; so if I'm murdered she can be a witness," and Betty was so thankful for this timely visit of Dorothy Ann's that she finished her sweeping with a lightened heart.

She had hardly done so when a knock came to her door, and with her heart up in her mouth (she had looked at the "burglar's" window and found it deserted) and the broomstick ready to strike, she exclaimed, faintly:

"Come in!"

Much to her relief Dorothy Ann and a basket of eggs made their appearance. In answer to her visitor's "good-afternoon" she merely motioned her to a seat—the revulsion of feeling chaining her tongue.

After awhile she managed to ask Dorothy Ann if she would stay all night—and only too glad, the latter announced her acceptance of the invitation, by taking off her hood, as she had often done before.

Then Betty proceeded to tell her story, by way of letting Dorothy Ann know what she might expect before morning.

Though a little shocked, the phlegmatic Dorothy Ann finished taking off her things, thereby giving her consent to stay.

It was now late in the afternoon, so they commenced preparations for an early tea, and when they had finished they commenced their meal.

I suppose, by this time, my reader has a poor opinion of my heroine. Let me hasten to undeceive you.

She was not, as you may suppose, a tall, sallow-complexioned, long-nosed and vinegar-tempered woman. On the contrary, she was short and stout, with dark-brown hair and blue eyes, (both faded, to be sure, but there nevertheless), and a benevolent way about her, as many of the poor villagers could testify. As to her age, she was only thirty-two—very old no doubt to your romantic school-girl, but not so old after all.

Of course she had her enemies, though for that matter they amounted to but a few envious old maids—for Milton had more than its share in that respect.

As to her talking to Tom, I can only say that to her solitary life and woman's natural love of tongue, no matter to whom addressed!

I, who am her biographer, could tell you of her love affair—long ago. She had her dreams, as all of us have, or will have, though few, if any, in the village suspected that she had loved and suffered. A few stray trinkets, and the secret in her heart, alone remained—that was all.

Meanwhile the lady whom I have been trying to redeem in your eyes, has eaten her supper, and of course the few dishes must be washed.

It is growing dark fast, and pushing the table toward the window—for the double purpose of watching the "city burglar," (every one from the city is a burglar you know!) and catching the failing light—Betty and Dorothy Ann finished their work.

"I shouldn't wonder but he's forgot his supper, Dorothy Ann. They do, you know, when they've got a case on hand," and Betty washed the dishes with a knowing look.

Dorothy Ann said nothing to this revelation, only she wished in her heart that she hadn't come. It is not the most comfortable thing in the world, as you might guess, this "waiting for the slaughter!"

At any rate Dorothy Ann declared, as the night came down dark and threatening, that she "felt awful nervous like." As for Betty she said:

"I wouldn't have bothered you to stay, Dorothy Ann, only I don't want to be murdered without a witness. But perhaps it won't be as bad as that—for of course we'll only be in the way if we resist, which I don't intend to do. He's welcome to all my valuables, if he'd only leave us alone."

So the night grew on, until their usual bedtime. Still they sat and talked.

"He'll most likely come through the back-window, Dorothy Ann, and it won't be any harm you know to put a light there. Perhaps it might be the means of keeping him away," and filled with this new idea she took the lamp off the table and put it in the window.

"Wonder I hadn't thought of it before; but, Lor', don't go to sleep, Dorothy Ann, and leave me to watch alone." Betty vigorously shook her companion's drooping figure.

"Lor', Miss Betty, they hasn't come, them're burglars, has they?" and Dorothy asked this question with a bewildered stare.

"Not just yet, but we may expect them any minute now," and Betty looked at the old-fashioned clock in the corner. It was the hour when—

Churchyards yawn, and graves give up their dead.

Involuntarily Betty repeated these lines, and shivered as she did so.

Thus the night slowly passed, Dorothy Ann taking quite a comfortable nap between each of the wakeful Betty's nudes.

At last morning broke, still no murder had been done. Instead, the rising sun looked in upon two haggard-looking females, one of whom was the least little bit disappointed.

"But he'll come to-night, sure, Dorothy Ann, for he'll be bolder. How fortunate that I put the light in the window—of course that did all the good in the world," and fully conscious of having performed a great feat in the way of strategy, Betty proceeded, with Dorothy Ann's help, to get breakfast.

After breakfast Betty went to the window, for the first time, and was not at all disappointed in seeing the "burglar" there.

"Just as I expected, Dorothy Ann—he's

in for another day, as sure as you live," and she gave a harsh look across the road, to where the "burglar" sat. Unfortunately he was too far away to notice it at all, and thinking of this the next minute she retreated to her seat.

At about nine o'clock her watching was rewarded by seeing Samanth Green—the most bitter old maid in the village, and one of Betty's warmest enemies—enter the Mains' house.

"Well, if there ain't Samanth going in, Dorothy Ann. She'd be willing to put up with even a city burglar, she's so desperate," and Betty said this with your true womanly spite—you will observe that my heroine is not perfect—as she moved toward the window. There was a brilliant idea entered her brain, she said:

"By the way, Dorothy Ann, I promised to take Mrs. Mains some butter this morning, and why go now?" I'll have a chance besides to see what she's after, and to let the burglar know we can fathom his design—we ain't green if we are country folks," and with this last observation, Betty put on her hood, and going into the store-room, returned the next minute with a tin pail filled with butter.

"I'll only be gone a minute, Dorothy Ann, so don't be alarmed," she said, as she went through the little hall. Then, the next minute, she reached the road and prepared to cross.

Looking up, at the window she saw a

man, a man's form, suddenly darted from the door toward her. She looked up.

"Betty!"

"George!"

And in these exclamations two old lovers recognized each other. Then Betty remembered that they were out on the road, with Samanth Green, no doubt looking at her. So gently unclasping the hand around her waist, she made for her own house, followed by her companion.

They found Dorothy Ann awaiting, and Betty, in her happiness, would have given a few words of explanation, but with a woman's tact, Dorothy Ann had guessed the state of affairs, so she went upstairs.

Then the lovers found themselves alone, and of course explanations ensued on both sides.

Of course George Ellis was the hero of Betty's love affair, which you wot of.

It was the same old story of youthful lovers and objecting father. George was poor, and consequently Squire Martin, who had higher ideas for his daughter, gave a stern "No" to his request for his daughter's hand.

Then George had gone off "to seek his fortune," as your lover is apt to do when he is poor, and earnest in his resolves, and when the heart left behind him promises to be true to him forever.

Then in the natural course of events, the old squire died, leaving Betty with less money than he had hoped to.

Soon afterward she had moved to her present home—meanwhile not a word had she heard from George.

As for him, he had been searching diligently for her and he was rewarded at last.

After all had been explained, they looked full at each other, and—spite the fact that they were past being called "young lovers"—they looked handsome.

George had gone away a beardless youth, and now came back bronzed and black-bearded—in the glory of real manhood.

As for Betty, love-light shone in her eyes, and her cheeks were red. George declaring she looked more beautiful than ever.

After all, love is a great rejuvenator, and looking at Betty now, one would have judged her to be at least ten years younger than she was.

And the sequel to all this was a private wedding, which set the whole village agog with talking—though they never guessed this was the happiness that came "After Many Years."

"Not just yet, but we may expect them any minute now," and Betty looked at the old-fashioned clock in the corner. It was the hour when—

Churchyards yawn, and graves give up their dead.

And graves give up their dead.

Involuntarily Betty repeated these lines, and shivered as she did so.

Thus the night slowly passed, Dorothy Ann taking quite a comfortable nap between each of the wakeful Betty's nudes.

At last morning broke, still no murder had been done. Instead, the rising sun looked in upon two haggard-looking females, one of whom was the least little bit disappointed.

She was dusting the stiff-backed furniture with a worn duster—we were not "rich," in a popular sense of the word—

she had arranged the gilded toys, said to have been hereditary Christmas gifts for years innumerable, and comprising sober-looking dogs, frisky-appearing lambs, a China cup, which said, "Remember, the giver," with accompanying saucer, and many others, upon the mantel-piece in a manner most flattering to her taste; she placed early flowers in a vase upon the stand, had hung the canary—pardon, June, the cage—under the leafless but budding maple, and, in fine, sister had thrown out many proofs to me that spring had come, and that a visitor was expected.

Perhaps I would not have been aware of the existence of the above-named season, but for the manipulations of my sister, so far had drifted and tossed my soul upon the treacherous bilious of love. If I appeared sad that morning, I do not wonder at it now; it is natural for a youth to feel mournful when it seems he loves in vain, and I extended that passion with no heart-bounding effect, I am perfectly confident. But I am laying no foundation for my story; I am a poor builder am I.

Some villages have pretty names which suggest tall, umbrageous trees; cool, delightful walks; neat, pleasant homes; quiet, happy, peaceful life; always that indescribable Sunday stillness and sweetness; forever an influence of an earthly heaven, and so on; but the appellation of our home was neither euphonious, nor suggestive of pleasant things. Roughton, if any thing, aided the imagination in picturing, a poor, little, dusty, dirty town, full of mischievous and saucy urchins; overrunning with dogs and cows; life with joking, whittling loafers, and far from abounding with bright-eyed and rose-flushed maidens.

Roughton, to desert fancies and to approach facts, really could boast of a half dozen sweet-faced girls. These were not all sufficiently beautiful to become the heroines of novels, yet there was one whom I believed the angels above could not have surpassed in grace, purity and amiability. Genie Merle, who lived upon a hill overlooking Roughton, in a mansion that dazzled the villagers' covetous gaze, and caused me to regard my father's house as a mere hotel, was the object of my love. Not my first love. No; young as I was, I had felt the power before. Mary Hall, whose home was no better than my own, once returned a tender feeling I had offered her; there was happiness between us then; but, Miss Merle came, I saw her, loved her, and—with shame I confess it—deserted the one I had promised to protect.

Genie, though a queen among the others, mingled with the Roughton maidens to the surprise of myself, and to that of persons equally foolish.

She often came to see June, very often; but her visits were no more frequent than sister's were to her home of splendor. The friendship that sprang up between the two struck me favorably; June would and could now assist me.

"I could not think of walking, Frank," she said, as I sat down on the stone steps to rest from my exertions. I am sorry—extremely so—that you forgot a vehicle.

"I could not think of walking, Frank," she said, as I sat down on the stone steps to rest from my exertions. I am sorry—extremely so—that you forgot a vehicle.

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adores Genie! It is too late to repair now. I can win her—I love her to madness, and can win her. I know I can."

"I expected as much from you, Frank. Boys are so silly. But here comes Genie now. She is to be

Saturday Journal

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ALBERT W. AIKEN'S NEW STORY!

We are highly gratified in being able to announce that we have concluded a negotiation with Mr. Albert W. Aiken, the popular author of the "Age of Spades," "Witches of New York," etc., and that in future he will write exclusively for the SATURDAY JOURNAL.

Mr. Aiken has already won a name second to no author in America in the field of Popular Romance, and each new product of his powerful pen strengthens his hold upon the reading public.

In our next issue we shall give the first chapters of a new romance of New York city life—pronounced by Mr. Aiken to be the best story he has ever written—entitled:

THE SCARLET HAND:

The Orphan Heiress of Fifth Avenue, A STORY OF NEW YORK HEARTS AND HOMES.

This production, with its peculiarly constructed and very interesting plot—which we are confident will please the oldest novel reader to grieve—will create a sensation. Its odd descriptions of New York scenes and characters—introducing the Fifth avenue belle; the sewing-girl of Rivington street; the old wreath of the Five Points; the Tomb; the lawyer; the outcast actor, who in the course of the story becomes very bloodthirsty on the track of the man who "steals a life"; the son of toll; the news-vendor; the Baxter street shoulder-blister; and, lastly, the hero of the romance, who, apparently without reason, stains his hands scarlet in blood—all are delineated with that power and spirit which show how well the author has mastered the daily lessons of the streets of New York. These are but a few of the characters that figure in this great romance, which we feel sure, will add another leaf to the writer's laurel crown, and undoubtedly it will prove to be the most popular story that has yet been given in the

MODEL STORY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Contributors and Correspondents, if you will put more wood on and the consequence was hotter yet.

THERMOMETER exploded in the shade.

Joined in the procession and walked two miles to the grove. Leased a sofa-fountain and took to hard drink.

Eleven o'clock. Stood on two fellows' corns and one lady's tail to hear a brave man, who once suffered for his country in the Home Guards—I used to spell it *guards*—read the *Declaration of Independence*, and got to thinking how all men were created free and equal, but when they grow up, the thing becomes vastly different.

Equality, indeed, is built upon a golden platform, but that platform, alas, is the circular earth!

Felt my neighbor's hand in my pocket. Thought he had made the mistake of taking my pocket for his own. I turned round and said he really had. It turned out afterward that he had made a similar mistake in regard to my pocket-book, but as some people let *nothing* trouble them, the nothing that was in the pocket-book must have troubled him a good deal.

Will try and find place for "CHEEK?"—The ROBER LOVER? we can not use, and retranslating the MS.—The "IMPRISONED HUNTER" evidently is transcribed from some book.—"ENOS CARPENTER'S LETTERS" we do not care to introduce to our columns. It requires something besides bad spelling to render such contributions readable.

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H. H. W. of Newark writes with fine promise, but seventeen years of age, and will earnestly devote himself to storing his mind with "the fit things of written lore," he can not fail of success. We give this from his hand.

MARIOLA.

Her wavy hair as dark as night, Fell over her shoulders pure and white, And in those eyes, bright, clear and deep, There dwells a passion now asleep;

And on the cheek, the rose has given, Full were her eyes of tenderness;

Her lips a scarlet vain would press,

Sweeter than content he'll be at even,

The two were a joyful o'er the world,

Was the sweet voice of this maiden,

Soft as their death when once she spoke;

A soul within of angel's birth,

Like first of heaven's born on earth,

Unto the world a wonderland.

This high-spirited maiden had stood

This is a sweet picture. His "OLD ABBEY" we will try and drop into some quiet corner of the paper.

The poem, "WE PARTED YESTERDAY," is charming. We will use it upon proper assurance from the author of its originality. If it is original with Miss L. we will be glad to hear from her again.

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The Glorious Fourth.

THANKS to the men that first discovered the fourth of July in 1776! They have conferred such a boon upon the country that the vendors of fire-crackers and lemonade will never forget them. It is the day when persons, stuffed full of patriotism, and contempt for the British all the year, spill over, and red-coats flame in many an oration, and imaginary fields suddenly grow crimson with them.

It was the day that the Americans disengaged that they were a free and perfectly independent people, and that it was necessary to convince England of this momentous fact.

The following notes are taken from my memory—randum of yesterday.

Six o'clock. Woke up—after considering shaking—found that, according to prediction, the Fourth of July was here himself, not having been postponed until the middle of August, as I had heard some intimate. I invoked the spirit of my mother, and found it was mighty hot—that is, the weather was.

I rose, and considered that I was *free*, but not from the rheumatism.

In fact, the only objection I have to this country is that I am getting old in it. I used to be able to jump over a stick easily, and walk on my hands—and feet.

Half past six. Breakfasted, and felt proud that I was an American. Cannon went off in front of my house, followed by heavy shower of window glass and some sash. Found patriotism is a good thing so long as it is not expensive, and proceeded to the front only to find the fellows gone with the cannon, which I certainly would have maimed down their patriotic throats without giving them *any* thing to drink afterward had I caught them.Seven o'clock. Began to celebrate the day by paying my washerwoman. Bought five cents' worth of peanuts and started out. Little boy on the street dropped a fire-cracker in my coat-tail pocket. I received a sudden impetus forward—caught the boy and gave him a spanking *backward*. Proceeded. Found the heat was getting very warm. Smoked a liberty cobbler and imbibed a cigar. Found everybody on the streets looking for the Fourth, and also looking as happily miserable as patriotism and warm weather and tight boots could make them.

Nine o'clock. Fifes, vindictive; tenor-drums, forty miles to the hour; bass-drums, hot after effect; bad on the drums of my ears. Musket went off in my head, or so close to it I thought so, for it made me see the stars of my country.

The production of *particulars* in many cases, owing to a misapprehension of the law. Manuscripts are entitled to "Book Rates," rise two cents for each four ounces or fraction thereof—only when the package is marked "Book MSS." and is remitted in a wrapper open at one or both ends. Nor must the inclosure contain a line of any thing but the MS. proper. A note to publisher or editor subjects the whole to full "Letter Rates," viz: three cents for each half ounce or fraction thereof. The same is the case where the manuscript is remitted in a close envelope, even though the same be marked "Book MS."

Correspondents will therefore bear in mind, 1st. That we receive no manuscripts unless which postage is due.

2d. That to be entitled to "Book Rates," all packages must be inclosed in wrappers, with ends open.

3d. Said inclosure must contain no correspondence whatever.

4th. All communications for editors or publishers, other than manuscripts for the press, must be prepaid at full letter rates.

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everybody else went off home, and Fourth of July went to bed.

It is strange that for a while beforehand we say, "Come Fourth," but during the day we are apt to tell it to go forth.

Yours, and so forth,

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

HINTS TO YOUNG WRITERS.

1. THINK over what you intend to write about before you sit down, and then don't dash ahead, as if you thought your ideas were as smart as your pen, but take it calmly, and strike out half what you write, though you may feel regret in doing it.

2. For the first two years, in which you think yourself a *poeta natus*, do not seek for publicity, but write to improve by practice and comparison of your own work with that of those who have won an honest fame.If you still think you are a poet when the third year of your novitiate dawns upon you, try the press—not in *egotism*, but in the earnest desire to test your facilities by trial.

If you hear a stranger pronounce a poem or piece of yours good, or get it into a newspaper or magazine, and see it widely quoted, then go on and prosper.

3. Write your first copy of prose or verse on wide-ruled paper, so that you may change or interline at pleasure. Then copy this again on wide lines, for even a second revision will add to it some good quality. A third copy send to the chosen paper or magazine.

4. Be modest; speak not of what your infant pen can do; be not your own trumpeter. If you deserve praise, you may be sure you will get it; if you do not deserve, and fail to get it, don't court it by drumming into the ears of others your imagined excellencies.

5. On the other hand, do not go too far the other way. Do not pretend you think nothing of that which receives the praise of others; for, by doing so, you say what you do not think and the way in which you say it, appearing unnatural to a friend, will damage your own interests, and only lower your character for candor.

6. Be your own critic, and before you ask the opinion of another on what you write, ask of yourself, "What is my own candid opinion?" If your is unfavorable, much more so, though honeyed over, will be that of another.

EXCELSIOR.

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8. HOW TO BE HAPPY.

This art of being happy lies in the power of extracting happiness from common things! If we pick out expectations high; if we are arrogant in our pretensions; if we will not be happy except when our self-love is gratified, our pride stimulated, our vanity fed, or a fierce excitement kindled, then we shall have but little satisfaction out of this life!

"Yes, she was beautiful," said the old man, with a deep sigh.

"Who was she?" The doctor judged from the tone of the old man, as well as from his words, that the original of the picture no longer existed.

"My wife," replied the old man, sadly.

"Your wife?" The doctor started in astonishment.

"Yes," said the old man. "I will tell you something of my life, if you care to hear it."

"I shall listen with attention," said the doctor, who felt a strange curiosity to know something of the original of the picture.

"Listen, and you will hear a strange story." Then, after a moment's pause, as if to collect his thoughts, the rag-picker began:

"I was born in France, but came to this country when quite a lad with my father. I had a brother, a few years younger than myself. My father established himself as an importer, in New York. At his death my brother and myself took the business, and carried it on as equal partners."

"One day, through a friend, I was introduced to the original of this picture. She was called Corrella Egbert. She was only a poor girl—a music-teacher—but she was as beautiful as one of heaven's angels. The moment I saw, I loved her. It was a passion that came as sudden as the flash of the lightning, and burnt with a heat as intense."

"She soon saw that I loved her, for I could no more control my passion in her presence than I could hold a live coal in my hand, and not feel the heat."

"At last I seized a favorable opportunity, and confessed my passion. Judge of my joy when timidly, she said that she was not indifferent to me—that she returned my love."

"Soon we were married, for I longed for the day when I could hold her to my heart and know that she was mine forever, and I urged forward the consummation of my happiness with all possible speed."

"For some six months I lived in a dream of bliss. My wife was all that a girl could be; she seemed to love me even more than I did her. At the end of the six months, important business called me to France. I could not delegate it to another. It needed my personal attention. At first I resolved that Corrella should accompany me, but she feared the dangers of the ocean. So I went alone, intrusting my wife to the care of my brother. I expected to be absent some two months. But on arriving in Paris, I got through the business with expedition and returned home at once. I was absent but five weeks all told. My arrival home, of course, was unexpected. I pictured to myself the joy of my wife when she should behold the husband whom she fancied a stormy ocean separated from her."

"I went to my home at once. It was night when I arrived there. I let myself in with my latch-key, intending to give my wife a joyful surprise."

"As I stood in the darkened entry—the gas had not been lighted for some reason—I heard the sound of voices in the parlor. I recognized the voice of my Corrella, then the voice of my brother. A single sentence that fell upon my ear made me anxious to hear more. I knew that from the back-parlor I could hear all that passed in the front one. Noiselessly I entered the room. I could hear the conversation plainly. Oh! the agony of the moment when the truth broke upon my mind!"

"The wife that I loved so well was false to me! I heard her say that she had married me solely for the money I possessed; that she had bartered herself body and soul, for gold; that she had never loved me, and felt that she could never love me; that she would rather hold a snake within her arms than be clasped in mine; that my kisses were poison to her lips, and that she would rather die than live again the life of deception that she had lived. I grew twenty years older in those few short minutes. And who thinks you was the man that she did love?"

"It was my own brother! Then I overheard them plan to fly together to some distant land before my return, so that they might enjoy their love in peace. I could hear no more, but, with the demon of jealousy tugging at my heartstrings, I sprang into the room. My wife, with a shriek of terror, and pallid as a corpse, shrank from me. A knife was in my hand—another moment, and I should have been a murderer; the blood of my brother, and, perhaps, that of the false wife, would have stained the steel; but Heaven saved me from the commission of a crime. As I raised my hand to strike, my senses failed me, all became dark before my eyes. I fell, fainting to the floor."

"When I awoke from my swoon I was in a mad-house. I was a raging lunatic. I spoke but one word alone: 'Mort—death'—still crazed, yet in my madness, for the death of those that had injured me."

"Long years passed before my reason came to me. I left the asylum. I searched the city through, but could find no trace of my wife that I once loved so well, or of the brother who had so cruelly betrayed me."

"Friendless and alone, I adopted my present calling. I retained the name given me in the asylum, and so all know me as Mort, the rag-picker. Now you know the story of the picture."

"But did you never discover any trace of your wife or brother?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," answered the dying man, speaking with a great effort. "One cold winter's night I saw a woman, wretchedly clad, huddled up in a doorway. I knew that she would freeze to death if she remained there. I awoke her, and in the blotted and disfigured features of the wretched creature I recognized the once lovely Corrella. She did not recognize me. I paid for a lodging for her that night, and drew from her the history of her life. She and my brother had fled together, but the vengeance of the Heaven whose laws they had outraged followed them. By flight they escaped earthly vengeance, but not the wrath of the great unseen Power that dwelt above. To drown remorse my brother became a drunkard, and finally died by a knife-stab in a low saloon quarrel."

"After his death, Corrella, without a protector, followed the path of sin that leads only to a shameful death. The beauty faded from her face, the bright blue eye grew dull and wicked. Sin destroys beauty. And on the night when I met her, disease had laid its icy fingers upon her life. Exposure and want had done its work. She died in my arms, and with her last breath she called upon the husband that had once loved her so well to forgive the wrong she had done him. She little guessed that the hand that wiped the damp dew of death from her forehead was the hand of that husband. I freely forgave her all. She had been fully punished for her crime."

The voice of the old man faltered, but with a great effort, he rallied and spoke again:

"You will find my little store of money under my pillow—bury me decently—on my headstone—three words—peace at last."

The lips of the old man moved convulsively—a single gasp, and Mort, the rag-picker, had gone to his long home. He had found "peace at last."

The Knight's Peril.

BY C. D. CLARK.

THE SUN'S RAYS were darted back from glittering helmet and glaive, from high turban and flashing sword, gleaming battle-ax and dagger, upon a hard-fought field in Palestine. Solymon had met the Crusaders and been rolled back before them, and now Richard the Lion-hearted and his gallant band laid siege to Acre. A strange band had the great king led from far-off England, to do battle for the holy sepulcher.

The siege had been protracted many days, and foremost in the ranks of the Crusaders fought a young Saxon of the blood of Henry, whose name was Edward Turnham. Strong-framed and tall, with regal Saxon head, light curling brown hair, and deep-blue eyes, he well deserved his reputation as the handsomest knight who fought under the banner of Richard.

Sir Edward commanded in one of the trenches outside the wall, at a spot more exposed to assault than others. The battle over, he rested in his tent until nightfall, when a murmur rose without which deepened and swelled until he could make out the words, "Long live Richard! live the lion-hearted, our brave king!" Sir Edward sprang up just as the sentry challenged, and received the word in a firm voice. Then the curtain of the tent was lifted, and the form which could not be mistaken for any other in that army stood in the doorway. Richard of the Lion Heart was then in the flower of his strength, and towered above his fellows like Saul.

"Good sooth, Sir Edward," he said, "well have I you fought to-day. I could not rest until I had come to thy tent and offered thanks for a life preserved. The king thanks you, and you shall find when we return to Merry England that Richard never forgets those to whom he owes favors."

But their stubborn resistance had given turned again with that bull-dog courage which seems a part of the English nature. Where that ax fell, it was death. Cloves to the chime, through plate and mail, they fell on every side. But even his tremendous valor could not suffice to bear back the tide of the Saracens, who swarmed about him like bees, striking at him from every side. The king was well known, and a dozen blows at once were showered upon him, but his address and skill kept them off his body. But he began to despair, when suddenly a strong arm seconded him, and he knew that Edward Turnham was at his side.

"St. Hubert!" shouted the Saxon.

"Turnham for King Richard! Up, merry men, archers, to the front!"

With every blow an enemy fell under the sweep of his two-handed blade. The archers and bill-men, who were a portion of Edward's own company, hearing the voice of their trusted leader, fought with desperate valor, and the Saracens gave back a little. The English camp was now aroused, and the knights were arming themselves hastily. Two or three, more forward than the rest, joined the king and Sir Edward, and, with the monarch in the center, beat back the Saracens again and again. The sandy earth on which they stood was red with blood.

One by one, the bill-men and archers dropped before the furious charge of the flower of the Saracen chivalry. "Allah il Allah!" "A Turnham!" "Plantagenet!" and various barbarian war-cries rang through the still air of evening. The Holy Land, the land our Savior loved so well, was the prize for which they fought. At length the king, Edward, and a single knight of the Hospital, fought alone. The bill-men and archers were gone, and these three, back to back, surrounded on every side by the Paynim host, resolved to sell their lives as dearly as they might. The ax of Richard was broken, but he had wrenched another from the hand of a fallen Saracen, and with it continued the fray. Edward had thrown aside his heavy sword, using a small battle-ax and shield, with which he strove more to cover the body of the king than his own. His self-devotion cost him dear, for a Saracen darted in with a javelin and pierced him in the side, and he fell, bathed in his own blood. The Saracens made a new rush, and the king and his single companion were forced back several paces from the body of their fallen companion.

But their stubborn resistance had given knight east himself down upon the straw with a sigh, and thought of the change in his fate in the last hour. Before, he was the idol of the English army; now a prisoner in a loathsome dungeon, reserved for a fate he knew not what.

He passed the night in the dungeon. Next morning the leech came in and looked at his wound, which he pronounced not dangerous. In half an hour the guard came in and took him into the presence of the Governor.

The Saracen was seated in a beautiful room, surrounded by all the tokens of Moorish magnificence. On his right hand sat a lady closely veiled.

"Zulema," said the Governor, "I have granted thy request. This is one of those Frankish knights of whom you have heard so much. You shall see how the justice of the Saracen deals with these Frankish invaders. Christian, have you thought of my proposal of yesterday?"

"You would do as well not to repeat it to me, Saracen," replied the knight, boldly.

"I am in your power. Your chains can bind my limbs, but they have no power over my soul. Here I take my stand and dare you to do your worst. But, in the name of my great king, whom all Christians love and honor, and for whose sake I stand in this peril to-day, I warn you to beware what you do to me. For every chain you heap upon me, every pain you force me to endure, every vile slight your inhumanity can devise, shall be remembered against you in that day when Acre's walls are in dust."

The Saracen stroked his beard with the air of a man who could afford to wait, and turned to the lady.

"Thou seest, Zulema, what fools these Christians are. I would have been friendly with this young Frank, would have raised him to high state, but he is like the dog that would spoil his own food."

"Let me entreat you," said the young lady, in a sweet voice, "to remember that he is but young, and knows not what he says."

"Peace, Zulema. Let the Frank be led back to his dungeon, and at daybreak let him be hung in chains outside the battlements, that these Frankish dogs may learn what to expect from the followers of Allah."

The lady had half risen from her seat and raised her vail partly, but the Saracen, with an angry cry, pulled it down. Sir Edward saw the motion and understood it. "I thank thee, lady. Whatever may be the fate of poor Edward Turnham, this shall be remembered in his dying hour."

Their room! ah, the words lent a swiftness to his feet, and a lightness to his eyes.

Daring little Ida, with her graceful ways, her modest demeanor, her *pliante* loveliness, would ornament a king's palace, much less his unworthy home. And a very palace of love, at least, he resolved to make it, where discord should never come; where love and joy should reign, and he himself be her devoted husband-lover.

He seemed, as he walked along, as if he trod on air, so elastic were his spirits, and he almost feared that his anticipations were not to be realized; but he smiled away the foreboding as he pictured to himself the scene at the cottage. He knew that Ida's graceful form would come to the door to welcome him, and he could see the downcast happiness in her dark eyes; he imagined he heard the sweet melody of her voice, and the silvery laugh that so often floated from her carnation lips.

He lived over the scene he knew would be so true, so lifelike, when he took her little brown hand in his and told her she was bride of his heart—she the one for whom he asked her intercession; and then how beautifully her eyes would gaze upon him when he placed the engagement ring on her finger.

He reached the gate, at whose base the luxuriant grass was untrodden. It was very quiet, and he glanced up to the fringed white dimity curtains at the windows of her room, whither he had often caught her peeping. The curtains were falling before the glass, and down-stairs the shutters were closed.

No sound broke the deep stillness as he walked up the narrow path, and rapped on the closed door.

No one answered his summons, and with a vague apprehension of horror that Ida was ill, he beat by the well-trodden grass-grown walk to the back door.

On the porch sat Mr. Tressel, sleeping soundly, his red bandana handkerchief thrown over his face.

He trod softly so as not to awaken him, and entered the neat little kitchen.

There was black Hetty, her work all done, her large old-fashioned Bible spread on a clean white handkerchief, over her plain linsey dress.

Her spectacles were off, lying across the open page. Her eyes were bent on the floor, and her hands clasped meekly together. Her attitude plainly denoted extreme depression of spirits.

He spoke gently, that he might not startle her, but at the sound of his voice she arose to her feet, and curtseyed respectfully.

"I will see your mistress, Hetty. Shall I find her in the sitting-room or parlor? Never mind. I'll go in myself."

He stepped over the threshold, not pausing to glance at her again, but at sound of her voice he turned toward her.

"Miss Ida ain't in, sir. Miss Ida's out, sir."

Her very comprehensive explanation brought a deep shade of disappointment to his brow.

"Out, Hetty! That is unfortunate. I wished particularly to see her. Will she be in soon? or stay, tell me which way she has gone, and I'll continue my walk and come back with her."

A spasm of pain crossed the old woman's face, and she turned her head away to hide the fast-dropping tears.

"She'll be gone all night, sir. I'm a thinking. You had better come in and rest you a bit."

But he started for the door.

"You said she had gone—which way?"

A moan of pain issued from Hetty's lips, but she bravely hid her emotion.

"I promised I'd not tell him—and I won't," she murmured to herself, then added aloud: "She went to Mr. Joyce's."

He started immediately, with a kindly nod to the negress, who watched him with streaming eyes.

"Poor lamb! poor lamb! oh, Miss Ida—dear Miss Ida, how she ever stan' the sight of him!"

She resumed her seat, while George walked rapidly back to the Villa.

The distance was short, and in his restless eagerness to see her, was soon accomplished. The gateway was open, and he saw, in the carriage-yard, the barouche being drawn out, for the family to Frederic Trevlyn's dinner-party.

The house wore an unusually festive look, for the rooms seemed all opened and occupied. He experienced a peculiar sensation as he entered the open vestibule—one he never forgot, and attributed it to the fact that the woman of all women most distasteful to him—Helen Joyce, lived there.

He dared not inquire for Ida, for he was not sure she was there, so he sent his card to



THE KNIGHT'S PERIL.

THE KNIGHTS OF Richard an opportunity to arm, and they came on with leveled lances to the rescue of their king. The Saracens were cut down on every side, and seeing the uselessness of standing up against the mailed knights in the open field, they hastily retreated, leaving their wounded to hasten the mercy of the foe. Richard raged like the king of beasts from which he took his surname, and sought for the body of his friend. He looked in vain. Sir Edward Turnham was in the hands of the Saracens.

The moment he fell, knowing that a man of such stubborn valor must be a worthy knight, they had lifted the body and sent it into Acre. When he awoke he was lying on a couch in a lofty hall, attended by the broken head of a javelin, which had been removed, and he saw that none but Saracens surrounded him.

"Place there!" cried a stern voice. "Room for the Governor!" The pages and attendants fell upon their knees, and laid their foreheads upon the carpeted floor, as an old man, with gray hair and beard, and an eye from which the fire of youth had not yet departed, moved with a steady step to the side of the couch.

"This is the Frankish knight, who did such wonders this night," he said. "Sir knight, what is your name?"

"I am called Sir Edward Turnham, the Saxon," he said. "I am a man of honor, and a brave array of lances of my own, and, if Beaumont, Temple or St. John, we'll win the town of Acre. Ha! what do I hear? A sally from the town! Up, Sir Edward! On with your armor! Thank Heaven, I am in steel!"

He rushed out into the open air, shouting his war-cry, "Plantagenet! A Richard to the rescue!"

The clash of arms was already heard at the postern, and the rattle of bill-axes upon the steel-pans of the charging warriors.

As yet the combat was between the men-at-arms and the picked men of the Saracens, under gallant leaders; and the Crusaders were borne back, fighting step by step, and reddening the earth with their blood. The sally had been ably planned, and had taken the besiegers completely by surprise, might have resulted in the rout of the English force. As it was, the case looked desperate. A dark mass of Saracens, glittering in their gorgeous Oriental costumes, were seen pressing hard upon the disorganized men-at-arms. Heroic valor only could turn the scale, and it came. There was a wild shout, and the king, heavily armed, and wielding a heavy battle-ax, which another man could hardly have lifted, rushed into the thick of the combat. His valor only could turn the scale, and it came.

In spite of his weakness they lifted the body of the wounded man and carried him down the stairs, and placed him in a dark and noiseless dungeon upon a pile of mouldy straw. A chain fixed in a pillar was fastened to an iron belt about his waist. His hands and feet were not bound

Mr. Joyce, whom he had several times met.

In the lofty reception-room he waited for his host to receive him; for a brief time he sat there dreaming of Ida, wondering if she were there, when the door opened, and Mr. Joyce entered.

Usually dignified to coldness, he astonished George by grasping his hand with painful friendliness.

"So you've come to congratulate us all, have you, old fellow? I thank you, I thank you heartily."

George bowed in amazement, but seeing how mortifying his ignorance would render him, determined to feign perfect knowledge of the cause of congratulation, and mentally resolving to cut short his call as soon as he saw Ida—if she were indeed there, which he rather doubted.

Mr. Joyce rung the bell when he had finished speaking.

Jeanie answered the summons.

"Tell your lady I would be very much obliged to see her in the reception-room for a few minutes."

A feeling of provokedness prompted Casselmaire to refuse seeing Helen Joyce, the "lady," he knew of the Villa; but politeness bade him meet her, with at least a show of cordiality.

A light footstep sounded on the stairs, and Mr. Joyce hastened to meet her. He escorted her through the door, and triumphantly announced her:

"My wife—my bride, Mr. Casselmaire." George turned in astonishment.

He looked at the lady, and his glance turned to stone. Slowly he raised his arms, in a mute appeal of keenest anguish to the white-robed figure; then, swaying, reeling like a ship driven by adverse winds, he fell; and as he touched her hand in falling, all the concentration of that moment of unspeakable agony was uttered in the words that fell from his trembling lips:

"My God!—My God!—My God!"

CHAPTER XXII.

IDA'S WEDDING-DAY.

That had been a trying day for Andrew Joyce's timid wife, when she had met, so unexpectedly, the daughters of her husband, who were older than herself.

In her matchless loveliness and haughty consciousness of superior position, she had gone down to the dining-saloon, on her husband's arm, after the family had assembled.

HeLEN, the eldest, Julia, the second, and Irene, the child-daughter, were awaiting their father's entrance.

As usual, Helen occupied the seat at the head of the table—a position very gratifying to her vanity.

"Mrs. Bond has committed a most ridiculous mistake in supposing our family consisted of five instead of four. Why is that plate there?" she asked, impatiently, of the housekeeper, who entered the room, for a parting survey of the table.

"That?" she asked, confusedly, for she remembered Mr. Joyce's instructions to keep the matter a secret. "Oh, I think your father expects company to-day."

"What! when we are all going to the Archery?" Helen asked, incredulously.

"Leastwise, my orders were to lay an extra plate, Miss Helen," returned Mrs. Bond, shortly, as she left the room.

That moment the door opened, and Mr. Joyce and Ida entered.

Helen sprung in astonishment to her feet, while the other girls, who never had seen Ida before, stared wonderingly.

"Miss Tressel—you surprise me! To dinner? I am certain no invitations have been issued."

Ida's cheek flushed hotly at this insolent speech, but her calm gaze returned Helen's contemptuous one.

"Miss Helen, have the goodness to forbear your jokes in my presence! My position enforces not only respect, but *obedience*." Her freezingly polite words aroused Helen's ire still further.

"What impertinence! Do you presume to insult Andrew Joyce's daughter in her own father's house? I am mistress here!"

Her light-eyes fairly scintillated with her rage, and her voice was choked with passion. She pointed to the door, while Ida smiled in conscious superiority.

"Would you insult Andrew Joyce's wife, in her own husband's house? I AM MISTRESS HERE!"

Grandly rung her melodious voice. Helen gasped for breath.

"Wife!" she screamed, in a fearful storm of unbridled rage; "you my father's wife! you, a common, low—"

"Silence!" said Mr. Joyce, bringing his fist down on the table till the dishes rang again. "This is my wife, whom you will respect and obey in every particular. Helen, remove your seat near to your sisters. Ida, my dear, this is your proper place."

He bowed to Ida, who loftily occupied the chair Helen was thus forced to vacate. Her eyes flashing, her bosom heaving, she confronted her father.

"If you think to disgrace our family by this *mesalliance*, you need not think I shall endure the shame, the insult! I am Andrew Joyce's daughter, not Ida Tressel's slave."

She cast a menacing glance at Ida, but her father raised his hand sternly.

"I command silence. Helen, if you can not behave yourself, leave the room. Julia, follow her. Irene, my little daughter, I am glad you are a good girl; your sisters have greatly mortified me."

Proudly Helen and her sister walked from Ida's presence, and she and her husband, with the ten-year-old Irene, ate their dinner in peace.

It was scarcely over, when Casselmaire called.

Jennie summoned her, and, in total ignorance of the caller's identity, she went coldly down the stairs.

To her horror, grief and surprise, she recognized George Casselmaire!

It was a fearfully-cruel blow to them both, and Ida thought he was dying when she saw him lying so still and cold at her feet.

Darting from her husband's side, she knelt beside him, clutching his cold hands, and her hot tears falling on his pale, grief-stricken countenance.

"Not a word did she utter, yet her heart was in a tumult of inquiry as to what had caused his extreme emotion. Surely, the simple fact of her marriage, sudden though it had been, could not affect him thus; and a sudden, piercing thought—what if, *after all*, he had loved her, and Helen had deceived her?

She grew dizzy and faint at the awful possibility, but rallied, determined to not allow such thoughts to gain ascendancy.

Calling Mrs. Bond, they soon succeeded in restoring the senseless man to consciousness.

Mr. Joyce had been called away, and Mrs. Bond had retired when her services were no longer required.

Ida knelt on the carpet beside the sofa, eagerly watching every motion of his lips. At length he opened his large dark eyes, and Ida sprang to her feet in confusion.

A smile of ineffable sweetness lighted his countenance.

"Oh, Ida, my darling! Thank God, it was only a dream!"

He extended his arms, as though he would fold her to his heart.

Quickly, eagerly she looked up, the expression on her face, as it lightened at his words and gesture, speaking volumes of joy, love, and even hope! But it passed as quickly as it came, and left her paler, whiter than before.

"Don't look so coldly—so coldly, Ida. You are not ill, are you?"

He raised himself up on one elbow, and scanned her face earnestly.

A mighty struggle was going on in Ida's breast. What did this mean, unless he loved her? But if he did love, what mattered it now?

"Speak, speak, Ida, for heaven's sake, and tell me what the matter is?"

She strove to do as he bade, but her tongue seemed paralyzed. Another effort, and her pale lips moved.

"I am not Ida Tressel. You—"

"God! not Ida Tressel? Who, then, are you?"

He sprang to his feet in wildest excitement.

"Either I am going mad, or you are deceiving me? Which is it?"

"I am Andrew Joyce's wife, married yesterday—"

A fearful cry burst from his pallid lips, and he fell on his knees beside her.

"Ida, Ida, my own! Unsay those dreadful words. Oh, darling, my precious darling, I am on my way to win you for my own! Kiss me, Ida, and promise to be my wife!"

He wound his arms around her neck, and drew her head to his breast.

She struggled to free herself, but he repaid her efforts by showers of kisses on her blushing cheeks.

"I implore you to listen! I repeat, emphatically, I am no longer Ida Tressel, but the wife of the host of this house. Your betrothed is Andrew Joyce's daughter, Helen—not his wife, Ida."

She forced her voice to speak coldly, and instantly he released her.

"Can, it be—can it be? You—you, that old man's wife? I betrothed to Helen Joyce? You know better, and are very cruel! Oh, Ida! this from you!"

She uttered a cry, like a wounded bird, and caught his hands in hers.

"George Casselmaire, tell me truly;

were you not plighted to Helen Joyce?"

"As God hears me, never! I released Maude Everton, and hastened to claim you—my first, my only love—with Maude's blessing."

Gradually his voice grew sharp from the strain of sorrow, and when he ceased weeping, he bent his face, in desolate mournfulness, on Ida's hands.

"Oh, George, George! forgive me, and pity me! Don't, for mercy's sake, don't!" she sobbed, piteously, as he kissed her cold hands.

"I loved you, Ida Tressel, and it was the sweetest dream of my life; I shall never know another. The world before me is very dark, and the only ray of light to cheer me is that you loved me—you were not false."

He stopped abruptly, for the gathering tears choked his utterance.

She laid her hand on his bowed head in gentle tenderness.

"My lot is the hardest to bear, and God alone can give me grace to endure it. But, George, give me your blessing before you go, and then I can better bear my heavy burden. I shall die if you don't, George. I shall die."

A sick, faint sensation of deepest despair filled him as she ceased speaking, and he did not restrain the tears that would fall on her hand.

"Rather let us pray our Father to help

us both, my lost, my Ida. He alone knows my anguish, and your agony. Oh, my darling—let me call you so to-day for the last time—my lost darling, the blow is so unexpected, so fearful. This morning, in the supreme joy of my heart, I went forth to claim you, my own; this afternoon I weep over you—the bride of another! Ida, Ida, it is hard—it is more than I can bear!"

Her heart ached for him, while, in the memory of what might have been, it bled for herself.

"We will say farewell now, George; we must. Let us strive to forgive the terrible wrong that has forever separated us. Let us part—friends."

She extended her hands, in a silent appeal for his farewell grasp. He took them and pressed them to his breast.

"I bid you farewell, my only love, my lost darling. Be true to your chosen husband, and may God reward him and his as they reward you for this dreadful sacrifice. God bless you, my precious one, and keep you, and guard you, and direct you—and me!"

He pressed her in his arms, closely to his agonized heart, and imprinted a last, long kiss on her quivering lips.

A hand laid gently on his arm arrested him. It was Andrew Joyce, his eyes dim with tears.

"Young man, I heard all; I know all, and I honor you! I am at best a frail old bark, and will soon put up for repairs forever; and then she will be yours. You deserve her; and were I not so wickedly selfish, I'd give her up this minute. As it is, I am she will be with me a little while—only a little while, and then all this elegance and wealth will be hers, and she'll make you a royal bride!"

Old Mr. Joyce dashed off the teardrops, and George wrung his hand in pious thankfulness, and, without a word, strode straight to the Grange. He packed a valise, and the next train bore him to his uncle, Senator Rowe.

Five hours after his arrival in Philadelphia he stood in Mrs. Trevlyn's parlor.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A WIFE BUT NOT A WIFE.

At Frederic Trevlyn's dinner-party one guest was absent—George Casselmaire, whose reasons were hastily written as he left the Grange, and delivered to the host by a special messenger.

An unexpected guest was present, being the wife of Andrew Joyce.

The surprise of the guests knew no bounds when they were acquainted with the fact of the sudden and secret marriage of the gray-haired owner of the Villa; and comments passed freely on her youth, beauty and grace. Her poverty and obscurity were now things of the past, hence utterly forgotten; and while as Ida Tressel she might have been ignored by the aristocratic ladies of the vicinity, as Mrs. Joyce she was flattered. Ida filled her position with exquisite dignity, and none of all the assembled guests—excepting Maude and Frederic, and it might be Helen Joyce—dreamed of the heartrending interview that had transpired an hour before her arrival at the Archery. Calm, dignified, pleasant and intelligent, she was a general favorite, and her gray-haired husband loved her better than ever.

The guests returned rather early, and among the first to retire was the family from the Grange. Maude had been quite happy all that delicious September afternoon, and she looked forward impatiently to the time when her lover would complete the interview so rudely interrupted.

She had watched him closely all that afternoon, but he had studiously avoided her, in look and deed. She admired his high-souled delicacy, and looked proudly on and worshipped silently.

When the hour came for their parting salutations, he followed her to the carriage.

"May I see you to-morrow, at twelve o'clock? I wish to have your exclusive company for awhile."

She did not see the pained expression of his noble face, or the happy blushes would not so quickly have crimsoned her cheek, or the joyful light burned in her eyes.

"Come at twelve, and I will certainly give you the favor you desire."

She threw him a kiss, and he returned a polite bow, and the footman closed the door between them.

Maude returned to her home to dream of poor George Casselmaire, of her handsome lover, of faithless Ida Tressel, and thanking God her happiness was so sure.

Poor child, she little knew what a day would bring forth!

Trevlyn re-entered the house to bid adieu to the remaining guests, and then, when quiet once more reigned over the Archery, withdrew to his room to pass his daily hour of penance and prayer.

The wedding-party were the last to depart. Mr. Joyce and Ida occupied the brougham, while the daughters were escorted by their attendants. The ride was passed in utter silence, and even when the footman sprang to assist Ida to alight, not a word was spoken.

Ida entered the house, and ascended to her room, sick and weary.

Jennie had arranged every thing for the night, her bridal night, and had, by Ida's express orders, retired to the servants' door above.

Ida entered, and locked the door after her, and alone for the first time since the

hour of suspense and anguish that had left its ineffaceable hand on her heart, she sunk on her knees in an agony of bitterest grief, that, restrained so many hours, now burst forth in a fearful torrent.

A low rap at her door startled her, and with a perceptible shiver, she opened it.

"Ida, still in your visiting dress?"

Her husband smiled pleasantly, and closed the door after him; then threw himself on the blue velvet lounge near the door.

"Still up and in full dress, sir. I desired to see you a few moments, and this is the most befitting costume I possess."

He gazed wonderingly at her, as she stood proudly before him.

"My beautiful wife, my peerless Ida; let me bid you twice welcome to the Villa, your home, your empire!"

He extended his hand, but she made no response.

"I thank you for the kindness you have shown me to-day, sir, and I will ever gratefully remember it. But to-night it is necessary that we come to a full understanding of our position to each other. Shall I consider it?"

He gestured for her to proceed, and she began again in her low, musical tones:

"I told you, Mr. Joyce, if you persisted in marrying me, after I had repeatedly refused you, and plainly told you that my affections was bestowed upon another"—her lips trembled, but she forced back the emotion—"that the union could bring no triumph, no victory to you. I repeat

Presently other savages awakened by the whoop, issued from the lodges and gathered around the hunter, demanding his life.

He was recognized by Mark Hawkins and several chiefs as the best scout of the patriot army, and with the recognition Roger considered his fate sealed.

"Conduct the pale-face to the strong lodge of Keovola," said Black Vulture, the sachem of the tribe, pushing back several renegades who were striving to strike the prisoner with their clenched hands. "Tomorrow he dies at the stake. Black Vulture has spoken. Warriors, obey him."

Roger's captors hurried him away toward the prison kept by a brutal savage named Keovola.

"You came to steal the gal, eh, Mr. Roger Clifton?" sneered Mark Hawkins, following the trio. "You had best stayed with the cussed rebel army as you have discovered. I'll tell you, for your benefit, that Cora is in my lodge, and she has one of two things to do—become my wife or slave!"

Roger did not reply to the renegade's taunts, and he saw the entrance closed with a sense of relief.

Upon the hard, cold ground the helpless hunter threw himself, hoping to calm his half-draze brain by sleep. Sonnus did not keep aloft, and, under the sleepless and snaky eyes of Keovola, our hero slumbered.

When the first streaks of dawn were illuminating the east, Roger was roused by a blow from his red-skinned jailer, who threw a piece of jerked venison to him as though he were a dog. He had scarcely partially allayed his appetite with the insufficient supply of food, when several Indians entered the prison to conduct him to the stake.

"Will not a council be called?" asked the hunter.

"No; the white hunter goes at once to the tree," replied one of the savages.

Without further questioning, Roger permitted himself to be led from the prison, and bound to the stake in the center of the "town." He knew that it was useless to plead for mercy, for he saw Mark Hawkins earwring Black Vulture, and he knew his prayers would be received with derisive yells. After completing the operation of piling the wood around him, the Indians stepped back, and their sachem commanded the sticks to be lighted.

"Now," said the chief, turning to our hero, "the hunter and his pale-face love are free. They can go from the village of the Mohawks in peace."

While Cora was being conducted to her lover, Little Wolf was released, and he sprang into his father's outstretched arms. Roger then donned his hunting-shirt, which a warrior returned to him, and when Cora came she fainted for joy on his bosom.

Taking her hand they turned their backs on the red-men.

Many years they dwelt in Cherry Valley, and to their grandchildren often related the daring deeds that I have recorded.

Ten years after their escape Black Vulture died a natural death, and Little Wolf, then a renowned warrior, stepped into his moc-

casins.

No clothing remained on the prisoner, save his buck-skin leggings, which, at the suggestion of his implacable enemy, the Tory, had been saturated with water, that they might burn slow and increase his suffering. The flames, favored by a western breeze, made rapid progress, and blisters soon appeared on the hunter's breast. But not a shadow of pain swept across his countenance, and he hurled back the taunts of the savages, accompanied by the record of his deeds—the slaying of several of their chiefs.

Presently a number of Indian boys began to fire arrows into the hunter's body. These arrows were dipped into a smarting preparation of herbs, and produced unbearable pain. While the arrows were piercing his flesh, and the savages dancing before him, the young man was not idle. He was freeing his hands and feet! Slowly he worked, yet as fast and secretly as he could. The heat of the fire was increasing every moment, and he knew that in a short time his drying leggings would offer no resistance to the flames.

After a great deal of labor the hunter freed his hands; but kept them behind him. Then he freed his feet, and looked around for an avenue of escape. There seemed none. To dart around the stake and attempt to run to the wood, would be death before he had advanced a dozen steps; and to try to break through the throng of his enemies was to court the grim monster.

The brave fellow had but a moment for sober thought. The fire was becoming unendurable, and the savages were preparing to dance the Dance of Death, during and at the conclusion of which he would be subject to the most horrible tortures. In a moment his plans were formed.

Among the boys who were discharging the painful arrows into his flesh, stood the son of Black Vulture. That Little Wolf was his father's only child the hunter knew, and he had witnessed a proof of the chief's love for his offspring.

The savages were an arm's-length from the fire now.

Suddenly and unexpectedly the hunter sprung through the flames, jerked a knife from the belt of a tall warrior, caught the son of Black Vulture in his arms, and held the blade within an inch of his heart.

The Indians drew back and tomahawks and rifles were raised; but they were not thrown or discharged. Their owners looked at their sachem.

What would he do? Every thing hung

upon his words. The welfare of his tribe and the death of its chiefs at the hands of the hunter called aloud for vengeance. But his only child, who would be sachem when he had been called to the happy hunting-grounds, was in the arms of the chief-killer, and one word to his warriors would make him childless. His warriors were waiting for that word.

The hunter spoke not; his eyes shot forth his terms. Black Vulture understood the language of the eye, yet what should he do? His brain was the receptacle for many thoughts; reverence for the demands of his tribe, and love for his child, struggled fierce and long.

Suddenly the idea of a compromise flashed across his mind.

"If Black Vulture gives the pale hunter his freedom, shall his son live?" he asked.

"If he also releases the white captive, yes."

"And will chief-killer swear by the Great Spirit that henceforth he will slay no red-man?"

"No!" thundered the hunter. "The spirit of my friends call for vengeance, and I will avenge them."

The head of the sachem dropped upon his breast, and when he raised it after a minute's thought, he turned to his warriors.

"Warriors, Little Wolf, the son of your sachem, is near the trail of death. Your chief loves him, for when he has gone to keep the fires burning in the lodges of the Manitou, he must step into his moccasins. Warriors, to save my child, and you a chief, I proclaim the white hunter and his maiden free. I will take chief-killer's place at the tree."

It was a striking instance of the redman's love for his offspring. A great change was visible in the face of each warrior, and tomahawks and rifles were lowered.

Cora had not witnessed the torture of her lover, for his daring action had rooted the renegade to the spot.

"Now, Mark Hawkins' rage knew no bounds; he saw that he was baffled, and he determined that Cora should not fall alive into her lover's arms.

With an oath he darted from the side of Black Vulture. The sachem commanded him to halt; but he ran on. The next moment the tomahawk of Black Vulture went hissing through the air, and buried itself in the brain of the miscreant.

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The properties of the cocoanut-palm have been already alluded to. Near my cave were several, which were profusely covered with ripe nuts, some trees producing more than two hundred. A number of these were collected and carried down to the valley. The stream, which ran through it, has already been alluded to. Along the banks of this a number of holes were made, and into these a fully ripe nut was dropped.

Those who only know the nut as an esculent would marvel at its growth. In a few days after being planted, a thin lance-like shoot forces itself through a minute hole in the shell, pierces the coarse outside husk, and soon unfolds three pale-green shoots to the air. Then originating in the same soft white sponge, which now completely fills the nut, a pair of fibrous roots, pushing away the stoppers that close two holes in an opposite direction, penetrate the shell, and strike vertically into the ground.

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After a great deal of labor the hunter freed his hands; but kept them behind him.

Then he freed his feet, and looked around for an avenue of escape. There

MATRIMONIAL MEDITATIONS.

BY JOE JOT. JR.

To-night, on the verge of my womanhood, I have made my vows to be his wife, And I hope that it only may be for good, Since it is for love—and love!

And yet there's Clarence, and Howard, and Paul— What will they think when they hear the news? Between them and Henry (they loved me all) It has been quite hard to choose.

But Clarence is poor, his income is small, I think it is only five thousand a year, And the fashions, they say, for summer and fall, Are expected to be very dear.

He asked for my hand only three nights ago, Coming home from the dance at Mrs. Lavine's; I almost loved him, yet had to say no! And all on account of his means.

And Howard and Paul—both adorable men— I might have loved either, but then I must part with—

One only has him and the other but ten Thousand dollars a year to start with!

What is love without fortune sufficiently large? I'd as lief live as lonely as Robinson Crusoe! My parents oft gave me as watchword and charge—

"Look along, look afar," and I do so!

But Henry has come, and he's richer than all; And this night I have promised to be his wife, Which I wouldn't have done for a fortune! Since a marriage is often for life.

Three weeks we wed; after, if he

Thinks me extravagant then I'll to law go,

And in short time be made happy and free.

By judicial decree in Chicago.

Starlight, the Shawnee Beauty.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD

"Does the bright-eyed hunter love Starlight?"

And the soft eyes of the beautiful Indian maiden scanned the face of the young man who had her little hands in his.

"Yes, the white hunter loves Starlight—loves as he never loved before. His thoughts night and day are of her, for she is the fairest being he has ever seen."

"Starlight is happy then," said the Shawnee, joyously. "Some day she will come to the hunter's lodge and build his fires!"

"I hope so, Starlight. I long to call you mine; and when the proper time comes, I shall."

Then a shadow crossed the maiden's face, and with a tone of anxiety, she asked:

"But has the white hunter noticed his bearded companion?"

"No," he answered, starting at the question and the tone of the dusky interrogator.

"Starlight, believes that he, too, loves her?"

Again Jerome Vivian started and looked uneasily around.

"Yes," continued Starlight; "he has often regarded her with curious looks, and once he attempted to press his loving lips to her cheek. But, Starlight fled from him like the wild deer, and he uttered words that grated harshly upon her ears."

"He swore?"

"Yes, he uttered the name of the pale-face's Great Spirit, and it was followed by a terrible word. It quickened Starlight's steps, and she covered her ears with her hands."

"He did all this?" cried Jerome, exasperated at the conduct of his companion, Duke Black.

"Yes," answered the maiden. "Starlight is afraid of him."

"I will talk with him when he returns," said the hunter; "and I am sure that he will not act so rude again."

"Then Starlight will love the pale-face more than ever. She will call upon the Great Spirit to protect him, and that when he steps upon the trail of death—when his hair is white as snow-flakes—he will guide him to his mighty lodge."

The hunter stooped and kissed the woman he worshipped, and she gently drew her hands from him and stepped back.

"Starlight must return to her father's lodge," she said, reluctant to separate from her lover. "When the sun has risen and set three times she will come again."

"And I will meet Starlight here—beneath this forest monarch, whose mighty arms shield my cabin. Here, some day, we will be happy, with none to molest or make us afraid."

Starlight smiled as she anticipated the coming happy time, and a minute later, having received the parting kiss, was bounding through the forest like the frightened fawn.

Jerome Vivian was, as we have said, a young man; and accompanied by Duke Black, who was some years his senior, he had penetrated the wilds of Ohio some years subsequent to the daring achievements of Daniel Boone, and assisted in the erection of a rude cabin on the banks of the Muskingum. Surprised at the boldness of the two whites, the Shawnees gave them the hand of friendship, and their great chiefs often smoked the pipe of peace upon their threshold.

By and by Jerome encountered Starlight, the beautiful and only daughter of Walpurg, an aged chieftain whose steps were slow and tottering. Often she came to the cabin, and he told her many things about his people which pleased her, and drew her to him with chords of love.

He never dreamed that his companion, who claimed to be a misanthrope, looked upon the maiden with eyes of love, and it is not strange that Starlight's sudden question startled the young man. He determined to accost Duke regarding his rudeness to the object of his adoration, and an hour after her departure a good opportunity presented itself. Duke returned with a doe, and in apparently good humor.

"Duke," cried Jerome, assuming an air of mirthfulness, "Starlight says that you tried to kiss her."

A strange shade crossed Black's countenance, which his partially averted face hid from his companion.

"She did, eh?" he said.

"Yes."

"Well, then, I suppose I did."

"And she furthermore says that, not succeeding, you cursed her."

Then he turned and said, sullenly:

"I would like to know what it is to you, Jerome Vivian?"

"A great deal, Duke—and to yourself, too. Were she to inform her people of your rude-

ness, their ire might be aroused, and there is no telling what they might do."

Duke Black hung his head.

"Jerome, I believe you are right," he said, thoughtful. "I hope she will say nothing about it, for I know I acted like a fool. I tried to kiss her, but I will not say that I was it for love—and love!"

Thus ended the conversation between the hunters, and Duke entered the cabin, leaving Jerome beneath the tree.

"Of course I cursed the Indian, Jerome Vivian," grated Black, when he found himself within the cabin. "I heaped upon her the contents of my dictionary. But, I didn't choose to tell you, Jerome Vivian. Ha! you love her, and you feast yourself upon the thought that she will be yours, some day. We will see about that! She is mine—mine! Has he come between me and the prize that I would brave death for? The madman! If the Shawnee beauty has fallen into his toils, he be the sin upon his own head, for even a brother shall stand between me and mine!"

Savagely he hissed the words, but when he rejoined Jerome he was all smiles, and in a jesting mood.

"Yes, there he sits upon the stone. Now is my time! A sure blow and Starlight is mine! I will have no rival; it is his life or mine. Old Walpurg favors me; of that I am sure."

Duke Black unsheathed his hunting-knife and dropped upon his knees.

Fifty yards ahead sat Jerome, near the door of the cabin. His arms were folded across his breast, and he was in a thoughtful mood. But a few minutes since Starlight, the Shawnee beauty, had left his side; and from his place of concealment Duke Black had witnessed the interview.

"Yes, I will pin him out of my road forever," muttered the would-be assassin, as he moved serpent-like through the grass toward Jerome. "I will easily account for his sudden disappearance, and the Indians readily accept my offer of adoption."

Inch by inch Black approached the unsuspecting young hunter, and at last he paused almost at his victim's very side. In his right hand he clutched the horn handle of the knife.

"Steady, arm," he muttered, inaudibly, as he rested it against the giant oak, preparatory to gliding forward another step.

The movement, though taken with great caution, proved fatal to his murderous designs. His knee struck a half-burned root

and dropped upon his knees.

"I don't doubt it, Pete, but that's got nothing to do with my story."

"My father, as I said, sold out and moved to Texas. We came here soon after the first settlers, and found we could get a nice grant of land way out near the Rio Grande.

"It had the desired effect, for he hesitated

beauteous maiden to wife, to love and cherish her so long as thou spares my life."

This solemn vow spoke Jerome Vivian, one cloudless night, as he stood upon the banks of the Muskingum, covering Starlight's hands with his.

"And hear Starlight, too, oh Great Spirit, for she swears to love her pale-face lover until she comes to make the fires in thy lodge, in the happy hunting-grounds of her people."

The marriage ceremony was ended, and Jerome took Starlight to his humble house.

There they lived till their hair was white as spotless snow, when their souls almost simultaneously entered the abode of the blest.

Mourned by the entire Shawnee nation, they were buried near the beautiful Muskingum, and a few years ago their graves were yet to be seen.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

The Panther's Spring.

"You know, fellows, I wasn't born in Texas. I hailed from old Virginia, and lived there till I was nearly ten years old. At

that time my father left his place near Staunton, at the head of the lovely old Shenandoah valley; sold out all he had, house, acres, negroes and all, and started for Texas.

"How well I remember our old home in Virginia! The fine, stately-looking house, with a grand colonnade in front, and the magnificent trees that shaded the lawn. Especially was there one tall butternut, that grew over the spring, and underneath which the little spring-house was built, through which the clear running water flowed all the long summer days. It seemed toinkle against the petals, like musical bells, and often and often have I stolen out there of nights, when I was a child, to skim the cream from the milk-pans. I suppose it was wrong, but you know children will steal little things."

"You're right, my lad," remarked old Pete, sagaciously. "Many and many's the time my old mother gin' me a hidin' for stealin' the maple sugar when I was a little cuss."

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"My father, as I said, sold out and moved to Texas. We came here soon after the first

settlers, and found we could get a nice grant of land way out near the Rio Grande.

"It had the desired effect, for he hesitated

and crouched for an instant, and I was en-

abled to reach poor Tommy, who whinnied his gratitude to me at his rescue.

"But the panther was not to be balked, his pray so easily. He was still on another tree, and I saw him gathering himself for a leap into the one the pony was tied to. Instantly I hopped off the saddle, without

looking up and drawing my bowie-knife,

which was as sharp as a razor, cut the lariat close to Tommy's head.

"The frightened pony gave a bound that

neither unseated me, and was off in an instant.

"Something made me look up ahead, and

there was our terrible foe, once more, above us, spread out on a branch beneath which I must necessarily pass."

"Tommy saw him at the same moment,

and wheeled round sharp, ramming his hindlegs as he did so.

"Already half out of the saddle, from his

first bound, the second completed my discon-

fusion, and I tumbled back over Tommy's tail, in a manner that would have been hu-

erorous, but for the terrible enemy over-

head.

"I fell on my back with an instinctive

shriek, and as I looked up, there was the grim

beast, with his glaring green eyes, right over-

head, and about to drop on me.

The country around our ranche was lone-

ly. Half prairie, and sprinkled over with

groves of live oak, and mesquit trees, it was

forty miles to the nearest ranche. The river

was about a mile off, and game was plenti-

ful.

"I had not ridden more than a couple of

miles, at a rapid canter, when, on reaching

the top of a little hillock, I perceived a lot

of antelopes at a long distance off, near a

large *mote* that stood almost alone on the

side of the hill.

"Starlight!" he exclaimed, in amazement,

for he could not divine what had brought

her back.

"Starlight did not go to her people," she

replied. "Among the trees she paused to

look upon her white lover. She saw the

serpent crawl upon him, and she fitted an

arrow to her bow. Then she aimed it at his

heart, and was about to fire when her lover

discovered him. Ah! white hunter, he is a

bad man! Watchmenetoe has control of

him, and he would murder Starlight's

lover."

The beautiful Shawnee gazed into Jerome's eyes, and he folded her to his heart.

"Hear me, oh thou God of my forefathers!

Here, in thy presence, I promise to take this

long *detour* to get to leeward.

"I reined up and dismounted.

"I rode steadily on for nearly an hour,

taking care to keep the irregularities of the

ground between me and the antelopes, till I

had at last arrived at about a quarter of a

mile to leeward of the *mote*.

"Then I reined up and dismounted.

"Using Tommy as my shield, or stalk-

ing to within sight of the *mote*.